

UC-NRLF



B 4 615 420

L A Y S
OF
HEARTH AND HOME.

ERKELEY
LIBRARY
IVERSITY OF
ALIFORNIA

LAWS OF HEARTH AND HOME.

Am Labouchere
1872.

L A Y S

OF

HEARTH AND HOME

BY

E. D. G.

Read from some humble poet.
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eye-lids start!

LONGFELLOW.



AMSTERDAM,
C. M. VAN GOGH.

1862.

Printed by BINGER BROTHERS, Amsterdam.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO
MY DEARLY-BELOVED FATHER
AND TO
THE CHERISHED MEMORY
OF
MY SAINTED MOTHER.

953

L 428

P R E F A C E.

In publishing this little volume, I feel it necessary to claim the kind indulgence of the Reader for these unpretending poems which have so essentially been written for my own home-circle. I am well aware that they can, critically speaking, boast of no poetic merit, and only be of value to those kindred spirits that may have thrilled to the same emotions, and may find in these verses an echo of their own feelings and impressions. If a glance into my little book can brighten an hour of weariness, or soothe a moment of suffering; if but one fainting heart can find in its pages a word of comfort or encouragement, then indeed will my aim be attained, and God's blessing rest on these simple strains!

In the sixth verse of the poem entitled »Graziella's Dying Farewell» (pag. 32) a mistake has occurred in the first four lines which I must beg the Reader to change thus:

Thou hast not been all that my heart had deemed thee,
Thou hast not loved so faithfully as I;
Thou wouldst not then so lightly have esteemed me.
And left me thus in lonely grief to die.

I have now only to entreat the Reader's indulgence for any errors which may have escaped my attention in this little volume which has had the disadvantage of being printed in a foreign language.

Amsterdam, May 1862.

E. D. G.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Farewell to The Old Year and a Weleome to The New One.	1
On a Mother's Birth-day.	3
Thoughts on The Sufferings and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ	5
To a dear Friend on her Birth-day	7
The Breath of Spring	8
The Bird's Message.	10
The Saddened Birth-day	11
The Old Man's Treasre.	13
To a Child.	16
The Forsaken One	18
Come Away	19
The Orphan's Call	20
Yellow Leaves	23
My Mother's Voice.	25
To a Sister on her Wedding-day.	28
The Struggles of Life	30
Graziella's Dying Farewell	32
Oh! Touch It Not!	35
The Mother's Death-bed	37
The Last Appeal.	39
The Gathered Flower	41
Of What I Think?	42
Don Ramiro	44

	Page
A Mother's Agony.	51
An Oft-told Tale.	53
Childhood's Joys.	55
Stanzas.	56
Despair.	58
The Babe's Release.	59
Encouragement.	61
Oh! if Thou diest first, my Love!	62
My Flowers.	63
Lines written during Illness.	66
The Anniversary.	68
Visions.	70
My Mother.	72
Lost Love.	74
A Prayer on Old Year's Eve.	75
Oh! Golden Hair!	76
Too Late!	78
The Dying Child.	80
A Mother's Prayers.	81
To the Memory of a dear and valued Brother-in-Law.	82
My Darling.	84
My Love is Young, My Love is Fair!	87
Stanza.	89
The Song of Love.	90
The Wife.	91
To the Bereaved.	92
The Water-Lily.	94
The Cricket on the Hearth.	95
Spring-Yearnings.	97
Evening Prayer.	99

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR

AND A

WELCOME TO THE NEW ONE.

THE last day of the year....! how much is in these words enshrined,
Leaving a still and solemn hush upon the trembling mind,
As with a feeling — half of hope — and half of boding fear
We hail, in its advancing course, the newly-opening year!

And Thou! what art thou bearing hence on thy retiring waves,
Thou passing Year, that led'st us on still nearer to our graves,
Still nearer to our final rest, our day of victory,
When months and years are all swept by in Life's eternity!

What shipwrecked hopes, what vain desires for ever unfulfilled,
What ne'er-to-be-forgotten dreams not e'en by Sorrow stilled,
What cravings for a happiness which never may be ours,
On which we fix our bosom's thoughts and bend our spirit's powers?

What glimpses of a Future bright arising on the soul,
 In soft fantastic hues and forms too mighty to control,
 Drawing the heart still further on, in that fair land of dreams,
 Where what we love our love returns and fond affection beams!

What voiceless yearnings gushing forth from the deep spirit's store,
 And doomed to find in kindred hearts a sweet response no more,
 What cruel crushings of the heart borne in retiring woe,
 And hiding from the scornful world the wounded feeling's glow!

What young eyes opened painfully to Life's realities,
 And writhing 'neath the aching sense of burd'ning memories,
 What breaking of the dearest ties that human heart may know
 Are borne on thy last solemn knell, so mournful, sad and low!

What dost Thou bear us on thy wings, thou just beginning Year,
 And what prophetic badge is thine? a smile? a sigh? a tear?
 Shedding a brightness on our life? or dimly shadowing o'er
 The coming days of wintry void for weary hearts in store?

What message bear'st thou to my heart, the feverish, hope-o'erfraught,
 The struggling fluttering soul, not e'en by disappointment taught,
 For ever striving to be free, to burst its earthly chain,
 Which checks its kindling light'ning flight and high aspirings vain!

Whate'er thy task, oh! be it blessed by Him who knows my need,
 Whose pitying hand with love sustains the fragile drooping reed!
 And if, in thy fleet course, my soul by suff'ring must be taught
 To lay aside its burning dreams with unbelief o'erfraught —

To turn my too confiding trust from idols made of clay
 Which never give us back the love we pour on them away!
 Wasting on frail mortality the noble powers divine
 More fitly laid, oh God of love! upon Thy holy shrine! —

Oh! then indeed in Life's record thy mem'ry will be blest,
 And long remembered in the heart — the tranquil home of rest!
 Bright'ning with gleams of Heavenly light the unknown Futurity,
 And training our aspiring souls for immortality!

— — — — —
 ON A MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

„Thy God hath commanded thy strength!“

Ps. LXVIII, 28.

MANY blessings, dearest Mother! from thy Father's hand be shed,
 Best and holiest, and lasting on thy well-beloved head;
 Raising in affliction's hour deep within thy soul the shrine
 Of a love which will not fail thee with its strength'ning power divine!

Suff'ring makes thee but the dearer to the hearts which share thy pain!
 Every trial brings its blessing — surely ours is not in vain!
 And we learn to prize thee better on thy bed of silent woe,
 Whence such words of heaven-taught calmness and of soft submission flow!

Dearest Mother! He who bought thee with His holy precious life,
 He whose mighty arm sustains thee in the long and weary strife,
 Shall not He fulfil the promise „Suff’rer, put thy trust in me,
 In thine hour of pain and anguish I will make thy bed for thee!”

He has heard the many prayers blended in the tones of love,
 Which for thee, our dearest treasure! mounted to His throne above,
 And His voice of pitying mercy, to our humble sighs replied,
 Waking in our weary bosoms hopes which ever shall abide:

„Know ye not the love I bear her,
 Her, my own, my ransomed child,
 On her Saviour’s breast reclining
 Cleansed and bright and undefiled!

Can ye, in your human folly,
 Question e’en the ways I take?
 Can ye think a wise Creator
 Would His chosen vessel break?

„Ling’ring pain is sent to teach her
 Deeper knowledge of my love,
 For the God whose hand afflicts her
 Wins her soul to joys above!

„With a precious price I bought her,
 Nought can harm her — she is mine,
 And by earthly trials chastened
 In my crown of love will shine!”

And our hearts have learned the lesson in these soothing words implied,
 While within our souls a whisper half imploring still replied :
 „Saviour! to Thy love and mercy we commend our Mother's lot
 „But if we for her can suffer — pity *her* and spare *us* not!”

THOUGHTS ON THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH
 OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

With *His* stripes *we* are healed.”

Isaiah LIII, 5.

On the steep hill of Calvary the heavy cross He bore,
 And from His bruised and trembling head blood gushed at every pore;
 But still He meekly drank the cup prepared by human sin,
 And bowed to suffering and shame, His murd'rers' lives to win;
 Oh Son of God, who bled'st for us! the Father's only child!
 We crowned Thy holy head with thorns, thou Victim undefiled!

We bound Thee to th'accursed tree, we pierced Thy hands and feet,
 We gave Thee vinegar and gall Thy suff'rings to complete,
 We mock'd Thy work of love divine and bade Thee scornfully:
 „If Thine the power and might of God, come down and make Thee free!”
 But Thou, whose ev'ry thought was love, e'en at the approach of death,
 Thou pray'dst for them who brought Thee there, with Thy last fainting breath!

Oh Saviour! perfect in Thy life of suff'ring and of woe!
 And holy in the agony of that last hour below!
 Thou who with dying lips bestowed'st a pardon bought by Thee,
 Which sounded to the sinner's ear as Heavenly melody,
 Thine is the power to break the chain which binds my heart to sin,
 Thine are the words of peace and love to end the strife within!

Or is it that I will not hear when Jesus calls above,
 And to the husks of earth I cling with too much human love?
 And sadly my young heart rebels against the chast'ning rod,
 Though sent as messenger of grace to lead me to my God?
 I know not Father! what it is that keeps my heart from Thee,
 But well I know 't is vain to hope far from Thy face to flee!

The thorny crown, the heavy cross, the vinegar and gall,
 For me these pangs, and woes were borne, for me these suff'rings all,
 And I for whom that blood was shed, that holy head reviled,
 Should I refuse to bow me down as a repentant child,
 And clinging to thy gracious feet, bedewing them with tears
 Implore a pardon for my sins, soothing my heart's deep fears?

Oh Jesus! let Thy yoke be mine, and bend this stubborn heart,
 As Mary to sit meekly down and choose the better part!
 For happy they whom Thou wilt guide to seek the narrow way,
 And bright will be, when night is past, their glorious dawn of day.
 Stretch out Thy hand of love, dear Lord! and bid the weary come,
 To find beneath Thy shelt'ring wing a refuge and a home!

TO A DEAR FRIEND ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

(S. J. H.)

YOUR birth-day! in the glorious time when summer gifts are sent
To cheer, to brighten and to rouse the hearts by sorrow bent,
When the azure of the cloudless sky records God's faithfulness,
And lifts our hearts in love to Him, whose is the power to bless!

Your birth day! — Many a year ago life smiled on the infant-child
Who entered in its op'ning dawn, by Earth still undefiled,
But bearing, in her youthful mind, the germ of every sin,
Which later, in temptation's hour, the mastery might win.

Not so! an ever faithful Eye was watching from above,
The banner raised above that child bore the sweet name of Love,
And Jesus knew her as His own, e'er her young spirit's eyes
Had learned to turn their raptured glance to bliss beyond the skies.

Then hail thee! happy, happy soul, to whom each coming year
Unfolds new mysteries of love — perchance bought by a tear;
But what are trials, shared by Him whose eyes for Lazarus wept,
But proofs that in this dreary world our portion is not kept?

A better treasure is prepared within our glorious home,
 Though in this Earthly vale of tears our pilgrim-footsteps roam,
 We feel the rapture of such hope as foretastes sweetly given
 To chase the sigh of weariness, and gild the path to Heaven!

Heaven, where the Saviour's wondrous love will be our thrilling theme!
 Heaven, where our hearts will find fulfill'd each happy hallowed dream,
 Heaven, where the Lamb will be our Sun — our endless Source of bliss!
 Heaven, where we'll meet the precious ones whom sadly here we miss!

Heaven!... 't is the watch-word of our hearts, the sound of melody,
 Which sheds a holy blessed spell to bid Earth's sorrows flee!
 Then three times hail! thou happy soul, whose every coming Year
 Brings thee to thy bright Home above — to Life — and Heaven more near!

THE BREATH OF SPRING.

WHAT music wak'st thou in the heart, thou fitful breeze of spring?
 What mighty spells and yearnings deep are borne upon thy wing?
 What hidden memories of the Past long buried in the heart
 Are called again to life by thee as by a magic art?
 Away! away! Thou rushing Voice! within our bosom-cells
 Too deep an answer to thy tones wildly-mysterious dwells!

Bright buds and flowers and verdant leaves are waving in the breeze,
 The wood-dove's plaintive, thrilling notes break from the forest trees,
 And many scents and odours sweet, burst from a lowly flower,
 Are strewn upon the passing gale, her bosom's priceless dower,
 And rich soft swells, all deep with love and passion's ardent glow,
 From little nests, by verdure hid, in sudden gushes flow.

Oh! thou hast voices, lovely Spring! which strike the immost soul,
 With something too divinely strange — beyond the heart's control!
 With fore-tastes of a melody which once shall greet our ears,
 When ended is the weary strife — when dried the burning tears! —
 The rippling stream — the sighing breeze are fraught with myst'ries deep,
 Which wake the chords of sympathy, within our breast asleep!

And still thou hast no power, oh Spring! to bring us back again
 The crushed affections, vanished hopes our souls must mourn in vain!
 Thou can'st not from the mighty Past recall the days gone by
 In calm forgetfulness of grief, which seem'd too bright to fly,
 Of which if by our heart's warm blood one hour we might ensure
 'Twould not be bought too dear by ought our bosoms could endure.

Away then! do not haunt us still with what may ne'er be ours!
 We may not waste on such vain dreams our soul's immortal powers!
 For a higher and a nobler aim thy warning voice was sent,
 With many a message of God's love and gracious promise blent,
 To waft our thoughts and yearnings deep far through the clouds above,
 To brighter realms, unknown to Change, th'abodes of endless Love!

THE BIRD'S MESSAGE.

The green leaves of the hawthorn-tree are bursting into light,
And through the verdant foliage steals a glorious sunbeam bright,
All glad to pierce the veil of clouds and shed its cheering ray
On all the buds, and leaves, and flowers which love the glow of day;
And in my heart its radiance wakes a happy sense of spring,
And lifts my youthful soul above on Thought's exultant wing!

And thou, too, joyous little bird! art come to make me glad,
For while thy voice is full of praise, how could my heart be sad?
So many blessings still are mine — so many gifts of love
In mercy shed upon my way from Jesu's throne above —
And *He*, without whose mighty will no harm may come to *thee*,
Is watching with far greater love and faithfulness o'er *me*!

Why is it that thy charmed voice awakes within my heart
So many a memory of the past which Time had bid depart,
And brings before me voices fled and eyes so soft and kind,
And moments filled with Friendship's joys, long treasured in the mind:
Thy every deep and thrilling tone is whispering in my ear
A name — a gentle precious name — so loved and truly dear!

My Oda! 't is thy voice that speaks in that impassioned strain,
 And bids me wait in patient trust — for we shall meet again!
 Our hearts are knit in a firm bond which Time cannot destroy,
 And the hour of meeting will be fraught with many a heart-felt joy!
 These thoughts of confidence and hope are whispered by the voice
 Of this sweet minstrel of the woods which bids me still rejoice!

But thou wilt leave me, little bird! and bear to other hearts
 The cheering messages of joy thy gentle song imparts;
 Light are the wings which bear thee hence upon the summer breeze,
 Which woos thee back to fairer spots and greener haunts than these;
 Oh! if thou visit in thy course my Oda's happy home,
 Then bring her Nancy's faithful love and bid her quickly come!

THE SADDENED BIRTH-DAY.

Thy birth-day dawns as bright and fair, as e'er it used to be,
 With wishes and with fondest prayers to Jesus breathed for thee,
 But oh! the smile which seemed most sweet, the blessing whispered low,
 They never can return again on any day below!

Thou youngest, gentle child of her whom many sadly miss,
 The first one in this Year, deprived of her sweet birth-day kiss,
 Oh! who shall make this day as bright as love would have it be?
 And fill a mother's holy task of fondest sympathy?

Nay! seek it not below — that love! its earthly trace has fled,
 And still it has not left thy side, it is not with the dead,
 But lift thine eye, in child-like trust, to Heaven's blue canopy,
 And feel, if it be true indeed, that she remembers thee!

Hearst thou no voice of sweetest tone, whose whisper thrills thy soul,
 So pure, so holy seems its soft and spirit-like control,
 That the anguish of thy youthful heart dies silently away,
 And every pang is lulled to rest beneath the heavenly sway!

„Child of my tender anxious love,
 Still, still mine own!
 Deem not thy lot to me above
 Must be unknown!

„Thy mother's earthly task is done,
 Her sorrows past,
 The palm of holy victory won
 Through Death at last!

„But though her soul has left the sphere
 Of human woe,
 And from her eyes is wiped the tear
 Oft wept below! —

„Oh! doubt not from her Heavenly Home
 All tenderly
 Where'er thy steps on earth may roam
 She'll smile on thee!

„I bless thee, oh! mine orphan-child!

Still, still mine own!

May Jesus keep thee undefiled,

And *His alone!*”

Oh! Mother-Spirit! hovering near! oh! Angel-Mother’s voice!
 Thy thrilling words have nerved our hearts, tho’ weeping, to rejoice!
 Be thou our sister’s guardian still, and lead her heart to Him
 Whose love Earth’s troubles cannot shake — nor Sorrow ever dim!

THE OLD MAN’S TREASURE.

How is it that to-day my heart throbs anxiously for thee?
 Thou dearest and thou best beloved of all God’s gifts to me!
 Thou sunshine on the weary path which nought but thee illumines,
 Thou only flow’ret sent to him who lives ‘neath thy perfumes!
 Thou gladsome visionary thing, all varying light and shade,
 Whose smile my humble little home in brightness has arrayed!
 Thy sunny brow was never known to wear a shade so sad,
 When all around thee sings with glee, and rings with laughter glad;
 When spring peeps forth in wild delight from every brake and dell,
 And flowers bedeck the lovely groves whose shades we love so well,
 And even the tiniest little leaf unfolding to the light,
 Speaks wonders of the beauteous world which God has made so bright!

What mys'try lies beneath the lash of thy deep mournful eye,
 Loathe e'en to meet the glorious hues of yon unclouded sky?
 Thou wert not wont, thou sunny one! to wander thus alone,
 With anguish written on thy brow, and thrilling in thy tone,
 With thy bright locks all wildly worn, thy head all lowly bent,
 As if thy soul with all its hopes and loveliest visions blent,
 Clung to the smiling verdant Earth whose syren-accents sweet
 Lead us unconscious to the abyss which yawns beneath our feet,
 Where all our Spring-time's sunny dreams are scattered in the dust
 And unfulfilled a yearning heart weeps o'er its broken trust!
 Oh! be not this thy mournful lot, thou who wert made to be
 A messenger of Heavenly love, a soul all pure and free,
 The lark of morn whose joyous tones the Old Man's heart rejoice,
 When God speaks words of healing peace through thy endearing voice!
 Is not this humble dwelling blessed because of thee, my child!
 Whose happy soul so early sought a treasure undefiled!
 It must have been of such as thee our holy Saviour said,
 While gently on each infant head His loving hands He spread:
 „Unless ye be like one of these, as humble and as meek,
 „The Kingdom never can be yours, which e'en these babes may seek!”
 Oh! thou who from thy infant years didst learn thy God to love,
 Whose stamm'ring lips were taught to frame thy Father's name above,
 Whose little heart, with childlike trust, the Saviour's words received,
 And early o'er its many sins in secret deeply grieved,
 Weeping — while thy sweet infant head on Jesu's breast was laid —
 That so much unremitting love, so ill should be repaid!
 Shouldst thou despair because on earth one fickle heart has cast
 Thy little freight of first young love upon the sweeping blast,
 Because a soul which has not learned true love at Jesu's feet

In reckless mood has flung aside the bonds once deemed so sweet,
And God, who saw thee turn thy heart in worship to the dust,
Knew that to win thy love astrayed its idol must be crushed?
Oh! droop not, child of so much prayer, of so much fondest love,
While from thine earthly father's heart the pleadings rise above,
And sweeter accents, born of Heaven, call to their peaceful home
The weary yearnings of a heart which sought in vain to roam;
Whose deep affections on this earth could find no answer true,
Because they bore the stamp of Heaven — the soul's unsullied dew!
Oh! might *I* but for thee, my child! this heavy sorrow bear,
How gladly would this silvered head bend 'neath the load of care!
For thou art all too bright and fair to droop 'neath anxious pain,
Wearing thy glad free youth away in wild repinings vain!
Oh! all around thee shares the woe which shrouds thy smile's rich light,
It seems as if our home's sweet bird had suddenly ta'en flight,
And carried to some distant spot the breezy strains that flowed
In bursts of stirring melody forth from our blessed abode!
Oh! call that music back again to our neglected hearth,
Lone, hushed, and chill as if it ne'er had known the tones of mirth!
And if still oft within thy heart the strife too hopeless seem,
When visions of what might have been through thy sad fancy gleam,
Then we will kneel and pray, my child! thy young hand clasped in mine,
While both shall seek, with trusting hearts, the Comforter divine;
And if thy tears still wildly flow upon thy father's breast,
We'll leave them to be gently dried by Him who loves thee best!

T O A C H I L D.

CHILD! within whose laughing eyes
Such a world of gladness lies,
Bright'ning with their sparkling rays
All that meets their radiant gaze, —
Meekly joyous, gently bright,
With their Heaven-reflected light!
Few are fair and loved as thou,
May God bless that sunny brow!

Tell me, little fairy Queen!
Where thy roving steps have been?
Hast thou trod the lonesome woods
Where the gentle ring-dove broods?
Where the modest violets grow,
Hiding from the sun's rich glow?
And upon the rippling stream
The pale water-lilies gleam. —

Hast thou challenged in thy glee
Every passing busy bee?

Or the roving butterfly
 Whose bright wings can soar so high?
 As thy airy figure passed,
 Flitting by so wondrous fast,
 Have not bird and stream and flower
 Felt thy bright and glad'ning power!

Child! methinks an angel-band
 Leads thee gently by the hand,
 With their mighty pinions spread,
 Round thy young and beauteous head, —
 With their arms around thee twined
 And their glances soft and kind
 Shielding thee from aught of woe
 Which thy infant years might know!

Bright One! many a pray'rful sigh
 Pleads for thee when none are nigh,
 That thy fair and tender form,
 Ne'er may bend 'neath passion's storm,
 Nor thy clear and truthful brow
 To the world's cold influence bow!
 May the Saviour undefiled
 Bless and keep thee pure, my child!

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

HAST thou ever dreamed, thou lone One! that one heart might throb for thee? One true heart by nothing daunted that might make its choice less free? Always with thee, always near thee, as thy guardian on the way, Dreaming of thee in its slumbers, watching o'er thee in the day? Trusting, while all others chide thee, to the voice of love within, Which proclaims thee best and dearest, worth the noblest heart to win!

Tell me not in silent language through those touching eyes of thine, Which have power intense to move me when in tearful light they shine: Tell me not 'twere vain to love thee whom no other dares to love, Who has none to share her sorrows but her only Friend above: Spare me, oh! the pang to see thee, heart-sick, anxious, and forlorn, Striving to bear unprotected all the world's unfeeling scorn!

I have known and I have loved thee, while false voices whisp'ring near, With the stress of cruel malice breathed thy name into my ear; I have seen them turn and shun thee as thy white robe floated by, Pure and fair as she who wore it, drooping low her dove-like eye: I have dreamed the world without thee, and have found it void and drear: Life is only blessed and earnest when thy smile of light is near!

Let me love thee, sad and wearied, and forsaken as thou art,
 Let me raise thy broken tendrils to this strong proteeting heart,
 Let me chase the world's dark image from the soul which it despised,
 But by me, through suff'ring chastened, doubly and more deeply prized,
 And in *my* deep love forgetting every harsh and cruel slight
 May thy heart to mine united, know no fond affection's blight!

C O M E A W A Y.

COME away! come away! with thy white wings spread,
 For all thy young sisters before thee have fled!
 They call thee, their loved one, in whisperings low,
 From this world with its sorrow its sin and its woe;
 Thy Mother awaits thee in regions of bliss —
 Oh why, drooping child! shouldst thou linger in this!

The blue vault of Heaven, is smiling and still,
 And the moon's mellow light floods the valley and hill;
 Thro' the summer-air thrilling the nightingale's song,
 Is borne by the breeze as rich incense along;
 But this Earth and its glory are passing away,
 While thy Home is eternal and knows not decay.

Has thy spirit so long in this world been detained
 Without feeling the thrall which its soarings enchain'd?
 Without shrinking away from the storm and the blast
 Which darken the Present, and ruined the Past;
 The tremblings, the anguish, the waste, the decay,
 Oh! leave all this to Earth! and come hither, away!

White-robed are the angels who'll welcome thee home!
 Thou wearied One! destined no longer to roan!
 As a babe sleeps in peace on its Mother's fond breast,
 So shall Death bear thee gently along to thy rest,
 From the struggles of life to those mansions on high
 Where grief may not enter and love cannot die!

THE ORPHAN'S CALL.

A voice is calling from the grave: „Come home, my weary child!
 Peace to thy anxious struggles and to thy yearnings wild!
 Peace to the endless cravings within thy youthful soul,
 Which e'en the world's cold reasonings were useless to control,
 Peace to the burning wish for love which Earth might not fulfil,
 Peace to thy every throb of woe! poor aching heart be still!”

Oh Mother! is it not thy voice which whispers thus of rest,
 Sent as a breeze from Heavenly shores to bid my soul be blest,
 To silence every sound of Earth, each troubled thought of woe
 Which makes me feel a stranger-guest in this bleak world below?
 Oh! yet again! once more my heart would dwell upon those words
 Which fall as drops of softest balm upon its shattered chords!

It is so very long ago that I have ceased to feel
 That other hearts could care for me, my sorrow, or my weal;
 So long since any words of love in softly murmured tone,
 Have made me feel the void within, less hopeless or less lone;
 'Tis hard to bear this bitter thought through ev'ry pang of life,
 For I had need to be sustained through th'anguish and the strife!

Since thou art gone, thou gentlest One! whose love was all to me,
 Since life is altered for the heart which only lived through thee,
 Oh! since those blessed days of yore, so passionately dear,
 The world's touch has been on thy child, and still its grasp is near;
 I never had a frosty heart, thou know'st it well, mine Own!
 But at that contact dread and cold my dream of love is flown!

I know it that no other heart could love me half so well
 As thine in which a Mother's pride so tenderly did dwell;
 And when thy fingers gently smoothed my clust'ring curls of hair,
 While thy soft breath passed o'er my head, loaded with love and prayer,
 Oh! then I prized that love which bore with all my faults and sin —
 But now I've learned how hard it is the stranger's heart to win!

So much of pure and calm delight was to my childhood given,
 Brightened with hues which seemed to speak far less of Earth than Heaven;
 So much of tenderness and love and soft indulgent care
 Made life a joyous dream of hope, with nought of ill to bear;
 And though I often heard thee warn against the world's cold blight,
 I felt that while thy love was near my burden must be light!

But now the vision is destroyed and all my dreams are vain,
 Illusions of a youthful heart which ne'er return again;
 The sunny hues which coloured life with thy sweet self are fled,
 Since 't was thy faithful love alone whose light such radiance shed;
 And every weary day is spent in brooding o'er the Past,
 And shrinking from the present gloom in which my lot is cast!

•

Oh call me hence, thou Angel-Voice! oh! call me to my home!
 It is so long since I was left alone on earth to roam;
 My heart is weary of its load, bid the sweet calm be given
 Which stills the sense of hopeless woe, and wafts the soul to Heaven,
 I feel thee near! oh! happy thought! to be restored to thee,
 Thou long-lost treasure of my soul, mine for Eternity!"

That evening, with the sun's last beams, the lonely Orphan died,
 And she was laid, the wearied One, at her sweet Mother's side;
 No marble graced her lowly grave, by human love forgot,
 But many a lovely flow'ret bloomed upon the hallowed spot;
 And though no gentle mourner wept beside that funeral stone,
 There was a song of joy above that Heaven had claimed its Own!

Y E L L O W L E A V E S.

OH sered and withered leaflets! so sadly strewn around,
All shrivelled and decaying upon the chilly ground,
So mournfully and wildly ye seek your destined tomb,
As if 't were vain to linger since ye have lost your bloom:
Your freshness has departed, your easy task is done,
And with the summer-glory, ye die, while we live on!

Ye have a voice, ye Sad Ones! ye have a touching voice
Which wakes no answ'ring echoes in bosoms which rejoice;
But ye touch the key of suff'ring in many a sinking heart
From which joy's gladsome dreamings with sunny Youth depart:
And your dirge-like tones of sadness as ye rush swiftly by
Call from the soul's deep yearnings a sorrowful reply!

Oh! tell me, gentle Mourners! the burden of your song
As one by one ye follow your sisters' hopeless throng?
For I would learn a lesson from ev'ry falling leaf,
And muse upon their fading, not as a thought of grief;
But as a voice of warning which speaks of life's decay
And teaches us, with wisdom, to count each fleeting day!

„Oh pity us not, gentle daughter of earth,
 „For we pass not away in the season of mirth,
 „And we leave not the sunshine and glory of May
 „To sink in th' embrace of an early decay!

„While the earth was all bright and the sky all serene,
 „And sweet Nature was decked as a bride or a queen,
 „We were fairest of all that enchanted the eye,
 „And we thought not so soon we should wither and die!

„Oh! 'twas glorious to bask in the sun's mellow ray,
 „And to dance in the breeze which around us did play,
 „And 'twas sweeter to hide 'neath our shadowy green
 „The frail nest which so oft love's sweet dwelling has been!

„It were hard to depart from this world of delight,
 „And to die in the midst of its beauty and light;
 „But the voice which has called us away to our rest
 „Bears a summons all welcome, a message all blest!

„While ye, child'ren of Earth, meet dread Winter's stern reign
 „We are sleeping, secure from all danger and pain:
 „We have lived and have bloomed thro' the long summer-day,
 „But from Winter's dread power we hasten away!

„The task is achieved which 'twas ours to perform,
 „And God calls us away from the frost and the storm,
 „Thus fear not, thou trembler! condemned still to roam,
 „Thy Saviour knows best when to summon thee home!"

Oh! sweet has been thy lesson, thou fragile summer-leaf,
 And to the heart o'erburdened its words have brought relief,
 For they speak of God who made thee so beautiful and bright,
 Decked with hope's vernal colours to cheer our bounded sight;
 And it bids me trust my future to the hands of Him above
 Who never will deny me the sunshine of His love!

And therefore, child of autumn! thou hast not come in vain,
 And I will keep thee near me till spring returns again;
 And every with'ring leaflet shall bear the self-same tale
 Till I myself resemble a withered flower so pale,
 And I lay me down o'erwearied to rest within the tomb
 Till the hour of my awaking, 'midst Heaven's immortal bloom!

M Y M O T H E R ' S V O I C E.

MY Mother's Voice! oh! never more it meets my longing ear!
 In vain I pine to catch one note of those sweet tones so dear;
 Their echoes only, faint and low, are borne on Memory's wings,
 And mournfully within my heart, their breeze-like cadence rings,
 So softly and so gently fraught with tones of holy love,
 The struggles of th' imprisoned bird that pines to soar above!

How often have I lowly knelt beside my Mother's chair,
 My face half-buried in her lap, sweetly-reclining there;
 Her small white hand so tenderly reposing in mine own,
 And th' other arm around my neck with anxious fondness thrown;
 And then those songs of olden times came thrilling o'er my soul,
 And my whole being rapt in hers bowed to the sweet control!

Oh! even from my earliest days I felt the soothing spell
 Borne in the accents of that voice — the voice I loved so well.
 Once — I was then a little child — a pleasure was denied,
 And sadly did I feel the grief which thus my patience tried,
 (For I had yet to learn of life that hopes deceived and crushed,
 Are placed as safe-guards on our paths, to turn our earth-born trust).

But she whose ever-watchful eye the sad'ning cloud espied
 Spoke words of gentle soothing power which soon my tear-drops dried,
 And then she led me kindly forth into a favourite bower
 Where we sat down upon the grass 'midst many a shrub and flower,
 And she poured forth her touching strains till all within me thrilled,
 And many a feeling deep and strange my infant bosom filled.

I felt as if that quivering voice which called forth all my love
 Were speaking a new tale of bliss which it had learned above;
 As if some Angel-Spirit moved in that sweet Mother's form
 Guarding her frail and trembling child from every earth-felt storm,
 And from the depths of my young heart gushed such a tenderness,
 It seemed the fluttering chords must break 'neath so much love's excess!

And that same ev'ning when I knelt beside my little bed,
Many an anxious burning tear in deep distress was shed,
For my young Mother seemed too sweet to linger in this world
And I felt as if her soul's bright wings ere long might be unfurled,
While my sad prayer with anguish fraught went forth to God above,
That He might spare me longer still a Mother's precious love!

But now.... oh! now that childhood's dreams with all its joys are fled,
And she, our loved and treasured One is numbered with the dead,
Those tones of sweet remembered days come floating o'er my mind
Leaving as they pass wildly by a mournful void behind,
And when with trembling voice I sing those melodies so dear
Their very sound seems strangely changed and jars upon mine ear.

Oh! while I weep to think on earth I'll hear it not again,
'Tis sweet to know my Mother's voice joins in a Heavenly strain,
That those dear tones once raised in prayer for those she left below,
Are sounding now the hymn of praise, untouched by human woe,
And that, when once my yearning soul shall take her homeward flight,
My Mother's voice shall welcome me to realms of love and light!

TO A SISTER ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

THOU'RT leaving us, thou gentlest One! thou'rt bearing hence away
The happy links of sympathy which joined us many a day,
Thy sunny smile, thy pleasant voice far from our home depart,
And we shall find no trace of thee, but deep within the heart —
The heart that keeps its memories, sweet records of the past,
And broods with ling'ring tenderness o'er joys that might not last!

One link of our sweet household band by Death alas! was riven
When to our best-beloved on earth an angel's wings were given,
And we have mourned above her grave, tho' not in hopeless woe
As those whose bazeless sympathies are only fixed below,
But meekly in the hour of grief we leaned on Jesu's breast
And learned to prize the happy thought that she we loved was blest!

Oh! may the memory of those days be kept within the heart
As a sweet influence of peace thence never to depart;
And — if in life's all-varying scene our path-ways must divide
And others leave their childhood's home as thou now, sweetest bride!
Then may we think with hallowed joy of those dear bonds of love
Which link us through the solemn prayers she breathed for us above!

And if in thy new sunny home, thy heart should fondly dwell
On the remembrance of that Past which we have loved so well;
If, all our gladsome dreams of Youth, the memories of yore
Arise again before thy mind more prized then e'er before —
Then may those thoughts within thy soul speak with a faithful voice
Of those who, though they fear to part, still for thy sake rejoice!

And he, to whose devoted love thy future we confide,
Who takes thee to his manly heart, to shelter and to guide,
Oh! may he prize thee, cherished One! and make thee bless the vow
Which bids thee leave to follow him, all thou hast loved till now!
Then life will seem a sunny path and earth a pleasant spot,
And, joined by God, your happy souls through Death be parted not!

If ardent prayers might mould thy lot, the fairest it should be,
For who would not, thou lovely bride! wish all that's bright to thee?
And surely, in thy sister's heart a deep affection dwells
Which in this mournful parting-hour ev'n unto anguish swells!
Then, fare thee well! and may that God, whose aid for thee we claim,
Teach thee the secret of true love, and bless thee in His name!

THE STRUGGLES OF LIFE.

MOURNFUL, — and weary of life, and its dreams,
Of brooding o'er all that it is and it seems,
Of trusting to hopes which were born to decay,
In their bloom and their freshness all passing away,
When I turn to this heart which is throbbing with pain,
I hear nought but *one* echo: „In vain!... oh! in vain!”

Oh heart full of myst'ry, of anguish and fear!
Was that voice of deep suff'ring which thrilled on mine ear,
Was it born of thy struggles, thy tempests, thy woes
Which follow like phantoms denying repose?
Thou hast touched in thy wildness the key-note of pain
Which has rung as the death-knell of hope through the brain!

Can it be that these hopes, and these dreams and this trust
Should be fostered awhile and then trampled and crushed?
That this sunshine of life which oft gladdens my dreams
Has in truth, nought on me to bestow of its gleams,
That this heart which has felt all its wants and its power,
Should receive but a blank and a void for its dower?

Can it be that this Earth which I once deemed so fair
 Bears but blight in its bosom and grief in its air?
 That the sun and the flowers and the song of the bird
 Were but sweet when the soul of my childhood they stirred,
 That their beauty and brightness have faded away
 With the halo which once used around them to play?

I could weep for my childhood, its gladness and mirth,
 With its freshness of feeling, now crushed to the earth,
 With the power of its hopes, and its visions of joy,
 Which no cloud though it threatened could dim or destroy,
 With its simple repose and its unshaken trust,
 Which the struggles of life have laid low in the dust.

I could weep for the thoughts which come back from the Past
 As sweet echoes swept nigh in the voice of the blast;
 I could close my sad eyes and live over again
 All those years of enchantment when life was no pain,
 When the tear-drop was shed for so trifling an ill,
 That a kiss from my Mother the suff'ring could still!

When her accents of love fell like dew on the heart
 Which had learned all its griefs to her care to impart:
 When the touch of her hand, softly laid on my head,
 O'er the tempest within a strange magic could shed;
 And the sanctified love which shone forth from her eye,
 Seemed a safe-guard, a blessing, sent down from the sky!

Since I lost that affection, the truest, the best!
 Since my head on her bosom no longer may rest;
 Since my heart felt its loneliness, never to cease,
 And no other, like her, knows to whisper of peace,
 I have striven to still the deep voice of my pain
 And to dream yet of love... but 'tis vain! oh! 'tis vain!

'Tis vain! oh! 'tis vain to hope ever to know
 An affection so sweet as her heart could bestow!
 'Tis vain to be dreaming of hope and of joy,
 For reality would but the vision destroy.
 But one hope still is mine, which can never prove *rain*,
 'T is that we two, sweet Mother! shall soon meet again!

GRAZIELLA'S DYING FAREWELL. (*)

HAST thou forgot me in thy far-off dwelling?
 Hast thou forgot those thrilling days of yore,
 When before thee this heart with anguish swelling
 Bowed wildly down — all trembling — to adore!

(*) For the story of Graziella see de Lamartine „MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH.”

When I forgot the pride of Woman's feeling
 Which shrinks to love where love is all in vain,
 And at thy feet in phrensic suff'ring kneeling,
 My soul's deep cry burst forth with mad'ning pain!

'Tis sad to love thee with such fearful power!
 Such creature worship is but cause for woe,
 I felt my doom rush on me in that hour;
 The hand I loved must deal the heaviest blow!
 I knew ev'n then when thy strong spirit shaken
 By passion's voice had caught the answ'ring tone,
 That once — alas! — neglected and forsaken
 This weary heart should meet its fate alone!

I hear it still — the music sweetly flowing
 From those bright lips which knew the soothing spell,
 I see thine eyes my down-cast glances wooing,
 While on my cheek the burning tear-drops fell:
 I feel thine arm still gently round me twining,
 While my faint head was sheltered on thy breast,
 And, softly there, as a fond child reclining,
 I felt — alas! — too rapturously blest!

Oh! haunt me not!... my heart is weak and broken,
 I cannot bear those memories of the Past!
 Each word by thee in former kindness spoken
 Sounds in my soul as a funereal blast!
 If I could die to spare thee pain and anguish,
 How joyfully 'twere done for thee, mine Own!

But far from thee to sicken and to languish,
This doom — Gods knows — I cannot bear alone!

Thine eye's deep fervour, with its light of gladness
So sweetly wielding an entrancing power,
Thy chiselled face, pensive, with nought of sadness,
Return upon me in this last dread hour!
I cannot die with this bright vision beaming
With haunting fondness o'er my memory's sight,
It dims the radiance which is softly streaming
O'er my worn spirit from the shores of light!

Thou hast not been all that my heart has dreamt thee,
Thou hast not loved so faithfully as I,
Thou couldst not then so cruelly have deemed me
Fit for a moment's thought — then left to die!
And yet my soul clings to thee, wildly yearning,
My life's bright idol! ev'n in death most dear!
And while within the feverish pain is burning,
I bless thee still! and vainly call thee near!

A few short days will end this tale of sorrow,
And lay me low beneath the grassy sod;
If this sad life knew not a better morrow,
Well might my heart deny a pitying God!
But all is well, since those bright dreams of gladness,
Crushed in their bloom, have weaned my thoughts from life,
And pard'ning mercy through this chast'ning sadness
Points to those realms where ends our earthly strife!

I would not, dearest! in this solemn hour
 That thou should'st think ought bitter filled my heart;
 For this deep love, touched by a hallowing power,
 Shall ne'er from thee, not ev'n through Death, depart!
 For all thou gav'st me of thy soul's rich treasure,
 For all the joy that was so shortly mine! —
 Though I die lonely while thou liv'st in pleasure,
 Mayst thou receive a blessing all divine!

Then fare thee well! Beloved! and ne'er forsaken!
 In life's last hour this heart is still thine own!
 And by the intenseness of its passion shaken,
 Bursts the frail bonds, too weak and powerless grown!
 My spirit, freed from its vain load of sorrow,
 Around thy path with fearless love shall dwell,
 Until for thee, too, dawn that happier morrow,
 Which knows not th' anguish of this Earth's farewell!

O H! T O U C H I T N O T!

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EMMANUEL GEIBEL.

WHEN softly glows a heart with love,
 Oh touch it not! thy touch were death!
 The spark thus kindled from on high
 Must not be quenched by mortal breath.

If in this world a single spot
Be hallowed by a sacred feeling,
Tis where within a human breast
Young love has blushed its first revealing.

Oh! fling no shade on that bright dream
Where all is budding wondrous fair,
Ye know not what a heavenly hope
Can thus be changed to mute despair!

So many a strong high heart is broken
Because its love was wrenched away,
And those who braved life's bitt'rest anguish
Died when they found their idol clay.

And others closed their bleeding bosom,
To every tone but pleasure's call,
And by the world's dust wildly blinded,
They lost their hope, their aim, their all!

And then ye weep with self-upbraiding;
But if your tears flowed ever more,
Ye could not heal the rose-stalk broken,
Nor a dead heart to life restore!

THE MOTHER'S DEATH-BED.

Oh child, whose golden cherub head lies pillow'd on my breast,
Would that thy yearning Mother's soul could prove a moment's rest;
But as I hear the voice of death ringing its solemn knell,
And nearer comes with ev'ry hour the moment of farewell,
While thou art slumb'ring in my arms, so fondly nestling there,
The thought that we ere long must part is more than I can bear!

When thou awak'st, my darling one! I greet thee with a kiss,
How many a time when I am gone this sweet caress thou'l miss!
No hand will smooth thy infant brow, nor dry thy infant tears,
No voice will soothe thy little griefs, nor hush thy childish fears;
And thou wilt be a thing unloved, with none to guide and save —
Oh might I but come back to thee from my forgotten grave!

I know that when this world's last scene shall sadly close for me,
No heart will bleed, no tear will flow, no voice will pity thee,
For we have been, my babe and I, so hopeless and forlorn,
No look of joy but mine, my boy! did smile when thou wert born;
And he whose heart had vowed to love can see me fade away
Without a kindly look or word to soothe my dying day!

And thus I go, unsought, unloved. This heart at last must break,
 Though I would gladly suffer on, and linger for thy sake!
 But e'er thou cam'st, my precious child! to soothe thy Mother's heart,
 I felt the heavenly summons nigh which bids me hence depart,
 And when they laid thee in my arms, a boon so bright, so blest,
 I knew, ere thou could'st prize my love, I should have sunk to rest!

And thou must be alone, my boy! and none will care for thee,
 But oh! if love can conquer death thy guardian still I'll be;
 I'll watch beside thy cradle-bed, I'll guide thy soul to God,
 And He will lead thee safe through life the path thy Mother trod;
 For Jesus whom my heart has sought with anxious prayers for thee,
 Has bid me bring my little child, His own sweet lamb to be!

He gives me faith to part from thee with firm and trusting soul,
 Though tears along these faded cheeks still yearningly will roll;
 Oh! if but once thy tiny arms could fondly round me cling,
 If from thy rosy little lips one word of love could spring!
 But when thy tongue shall learn to speak thou wilt not lisp my name,
 And I shall never hear thy voice, for all too late it came!

Farewell! farewell! my hour is come, I feel the struggle near,
 And still I scarce can bear to part from all on earth most dear!
 My child! upon thine infant head my dying hand I lay,
 And may the blessing which I breathe, from thee ne'er pass away!
 I fold thee to this throbbing heart, aching with life's last pain,
 Sure that when thy brief tale is told, we two shall meet again!

THE LAST APPEAL.

WHEN I am numbered with the dead,
Then thou shalt love me;
When silently thy foot shall tread
The turf above me,
When from the tomb a still small voice
Shall soothe thy sorrow,
Bidding thee hopefully rejoice
In life's to-morrow.

When I am gently laid to rest
So worn and weary,
Then shall the void in thy sad breast
Be deep and dreary;
And often in the night's deep gloom
Thou'l^t feel the yearning,
For her who dwells within the tomb,
No more returning.

While I am living at thy side,
Striving for gladness,

The love, which I must learn to hide,
Brings nought but sadness;
I know thy heart is not for me,
Thou canst not love me,
God knows I only dream of thee
As far above me!

But when my voice and step depart
From thy lone dwelling,
And thoughts of anguish fill thy heart
'Gainst life rebelling;
When thou shalt miss the fond caress
And gentle soothing,
With words of sweetest tenderness
Life's path-way smoothing, —

Then come thou to the peaceful spot
Where I am sleeping,
For there the Love which slumbereth not
Its watch is keeping;
And He whose smiles in sorrow shine,
Will bring thee healing,
E'en by the loss of love as mine
His own revealing!

THE GATHERED FLOWER.

She was too bright for Earth, too fair
To mix with ought that lingers there ;
Too soft the smile upon her face,
Too wondrous sweet her childlike grace ;
Her deep and soul-illumined eyes
Spoke of her home beyond the skies !

'Tis hard to feel she was not ours,
Lent but as Earth's most transient flowers,
But sweet the memories left behind
As perfumes lingering on the wind ;
Though all those dear remembered joys
Be scattered as Hope's broken toys.

I've seen her in her little bed
With Death's pale halo round her shed,
And while I watched her peaceful face
Where pain had left a hallowing trace,
I thought of all the sin and woe
That might have been her lot below.

And then my soul went out to God
 Bowing before the chastening rod;
 And while I gave her up to Him,
 With streaming eyes and spirit dim,
 A voice seemed whispering tenderly :
 „Let little children come to me!”

Yes! she is thine, thou Saviour dear!
 Yes! Thou hast called thy loved One near!
 And she has found on Thy fond breast
 A home of joy and perfect rest!
 O! teach us, Lord! to love Thy will,
 And thus adoring, to be still!

O F W H A T I T H I N K?

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM GEIBEL.

O F what I think? I think of life's bright morning,
 When yet so calm this youthful heart did beat,
 When hope's first beams this earthly vale adorning,
 As a sweet sunshine danced before my feet;
 When to each thought the wings of power were given
 And all life's roses seemed to speak of Heaven.

Oh! then I lingered in the evening hour
Fearing no storm or rain, by nought distressed,
'Neath the small window decked by many a flower
Where I had seen a passing shadow rest.
How sweet it was while in my rose-bush hiding
To meet her eye, so full of gentle chiding!

While from the lily's cup sweet scents were flowing
Methought a silent prayer was borne on high,
And my rapt soul, with love and fervour glowing,
Joined in the hymn ascending to the sky;
I heard sweet songs in the wave's cadence swelling,
And my heart answered on their import dwelling.

Yes! I was purer in my soul's believing,
I trusted more, and dreamed less of deceit,
With proud concern their misery relieving,
The struggling multitude my soul could meet;
And I could scorn the petty cares and toiling,
In this dark world so many heart-dreams foiling.

But now alas! I've seen and known. With sorrow
I've found the bud turned ashes in my hand,
Each dream is false, each promise of to-morrow
Gives less of joys which yet our hearts demand!
And reaching manhood, all I won for striving
Were a few songs, and longings still reviving!

And that bright time when I was idly musing,
 And deemed this world so very wide and fair,
 Its hopes are fled their spells on air diffusing,
 And I have half forgotten what they were.
 But oft, when in my room the moon comes stealing,
 Her face returns, as in a dream's revealing.

D O N R A M I R O.

A BALLAD.

„DONNA Clara! donna Clara!
 „Canst thou then so soon forget?
 „Has thy heart to death condemned me
 „Without pity or regret?

„Donna Clara! donna Clara!
 „Lovely is this world forsooth!
 „Mournful must it be to leave it
 „In the spring-time of our youth.

„Donna Clara! whom to-morrow
 „Don Fernando calls his own,
 „Wilt thou ask me to thy wedding
 „For the sake of days long flown?”

„Don Ramiro! don Ramiro!
 „Spare me oh! these words of pain,
 „For against our fate rebelling
 „We would strive alas! in vain.

„Don Ramiro! don Ramiro!
 „Be a man, subdue thy grief;
 „Other loving lips will teach thee
 „To forget this dream so brief.

„Don Ramiro! child of glory!
 „Thou whose sword of deathless fame,
 „With the Moslem's life-blood dripping,
 „Made them shudder at thy name;

„Nobler task is now before thee,
 „Nobler victory may be thine —
 „Come, I sue thee, to my wedding
 „And my warmest thanks are thine.” —

„Donna Clara! donna Clara!
 „I shall come, thy pleadings cease;
 „At the bridal-dance I'll meet thee,
 „Hear me swear it!.... Sleep in peace!”

As he spoke she closed the window
But Ramiro lingered yet,
Till at last the youth departed
Bowed by sorrow and regret.

Night was spent, and, brightly smiling,
Dawned the glorious summer-day,
In Toledo's flowery gardens
Sweetly did the breezes play.

Stately buildings sun-illumined
Gleamed and glittered in the air,
While the palace-dome seemed bathing
In the floods of sunbeams fair.

Wafted on the summer breezes
Chime on chime the joybells ring,
While within the holy minster
Crowds of gazers pray and sing.

By the porch and in the entry
Multitudes are swayed along;
And each moment swells the number
Of the bold and curious throng.

Noble knights and lovely maidens
Kneel around the wedded pair;
Ne'er was bridal-train so gorgeous,
Ne'er were brides-maids half so fair!

Now the marriage-rites are ended,
And the bride-groom, glad and proud,
Leads his bride, so sweet and blushing,
Through the rapt admiring crowd.

To the bride-groom's sumptuous palace
All the bridal-train repairs;
In the feasting and rejoicing
Half Toledo gladly shares.

Banquets, tournaments and music
Fill the fleeting hours of day;
Evening comes with new-born pleasures,
Thrilling dance and merry play.

In the festive hall assembled
Knights and damsels young and bright,
Sport and dance in jewelled dresses
Sparkling in the floods of light.

On a raised seat of velvet
Sit the newly-married pair;
Donna Clara, don Fernando,
Jest and laugh with gladsome air.

All is joy and love and radiance
As the dazzling couples pass,
While the trumpet's notes are sounding
Mingled with the drum's deep bass.

„Tell me sweetest!” quoth the bride-groom,
 With a blank astonished look:
 „Why so oft thy glance is roving
 To that shadowy window-nook?”

„Seest thou not at that low casement
 „Yon proud form so black and tall?”
 Quoth Fernando: „Child! thou dreamest,
 „Tis a shadow on the wall!”

But the sable form approaches;
 As he greets her, bending low
 Clara knows 't is don Ramiro,
 And her cheeks with blushes glow.

Wildly are the dancers whirling
 Still unwearied as before,
 Lightly tripping, gaily swinging,
 Smiling couples tread the floor.

„Yes, I follow, don Ramiro!
 „For I love the dance so gay;
 „But thy mantle dark and flowing
 „Is no dress for bridal-day!”

Cold are don Ramiro's glances,
 And his touch is strange and chill,
 As with hollow voice he whispers:
 „Thou hast asked me, 'tis thy will!”

And they fly and bound together
 Through the moving human mass,
 To the trumpet's stirring music,
 To the drum's unchanging bass.

„Thou art pale as ne'er I saw thee!”
 Murmurs Clara rapt and still;
 Strangely sounds Ramiro's answer:
 „Thou hast asked me, 'tis thy will!”

Brightly gleam the flickering tapers
 While the whirling couples pass,
 Dancing to the trumpet's music,
 To the drum's unchanging bass.

„Death-like feels thy hand!” cries Clara,
 Fearful thoughts her bosom fill;
 But he answers, wildly dancing:
 „Thou hast asked me, 'tis thy will!” —

„Woe me! for thy breath is killing!”
 And she totters faint and chill,
 But in frigid tones he whispers:
 „Thou hast asked me, 'tis thy will!”

Festive music still inviting
 Bids the young be glad and gay,
 Bounding, whirling, floating, swinging,
 To the music's stirring play.

„Leave me! let me go! Ramiro!”
Shrieks the bride with fear oppressed,
But he holds her pale and swooning
To his cold and pulseless breast.

„In God’s name I bid thee leave me!”
As she speaks that holy name
Don Ramiro’s form has vanished
In the air from which it came!

In her veins the blood seems frozen,
Wildly does she gaze around,
Mighty shadows gather o’er her,
And she sinks upon the ground.

As remembrance is returning
To her weak and weary head,
Speechless wonder overwhelms her
And she deems her senses fled.

For she still sits near Fernando
And has never stirred from thence,
All has been a hideous vision,
Ghastly dream with power intense.

„Tell me why so pale and fluttering?”
Asks the bridegroom tenderly,
„And Ramiro?” falters Clara,
Trembling still his form to see.

And the bridegroom's brow o'ershadows,
 While his voice sounds stern and deep :
 „Don Ramiro has been murdered
 „This fair morning, in his sleep !”

Translated from Heine.

A M O T H E R ' S A G O N Y.

THEY 've laid thee in the grave, my child! my loved and only one!
 Thy few short days of life are spent, thy little course is run,
 And while to welcome thee in Heaven the angel's harps are strung
 Thy mother wildly weeps and mourns, with all her heart-strings wrung.

I cannot bear it yet, my child! this is not life to me,
 And with a piercing voice of pain my soul cries out for thee!
 The little ewe-lamb which I loved, which in my bosom lay,
 Oh God! it was my only one and it was called away!

Even when my child was still unborn how gladsome was the thought
 That it should soon be all mine own, although by suff'ring bought;
 And when the hour of anguish past, they laid him on my breast
 No queen upon her proudest day could feel more deeply blest!

And as I gazed upon his face, each day more brightly fair,
My heart clung to his cradle-bed and made sweet music there;
With baby nestling in my arms, pressed to my loving heart,
I asked no more of joy on earth, nor dreamed that we must part!

And still I've seen my little one sicken, and droop and die,
A glory seemed to lit his face and shine forth from his eye,
And while each hour it seemed more hard to see my loved one go
We watched his little soul expand, and saw his bright wings grow.

Once, when my heart with sorrow filled could no more bear its pain,
And burning tears of agony fell on my child like rain,
He fixed on me his earnest eyes with pitying tear-drops wet....
God bless thee, darling! for that look I never shall forget!

Those eyes of his so sweet and blue they haunt me night and day!
I feel as if his little voice were calling me away;
And I can say with humble trust, as David in his woe:
„Though he return no more to me, my soul to him shall go!”

Oh God! give strength, give faith and peace to this poor breaking heart!
And teach me still with trusting love from Thy best gifts to part!
For, though within our childless home my soul with sorrow dwell,
I've given my baby-boy to Thee, and know that „all is well!”

A N O F T - T O L D T A L E.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THEY said: „He loves thee not, he mocks thee, simple child!”
And then she bowed her head, while sad and hopeless tears
Coursed down her lily-cheeks in anguish deep and wild;
O had she but repulsed those cruel doubts and fears! —
And when he came again, and found his loved one cold,
Distressed by withering doubts, not smiling as of old,
He shut his wounded heart, and scornful gaiety feigned,
Shedding proud tears by night when pitying darkness reigned.

And in the midnight hour her guardian-angel came,
Whispering unto her heart! sweet words of calm and peace:
„Fear not! his love is thine, his heart is still the same,
„O be thou faithful too! and bid these doubtings cease!”
And he too heard a voice which bade his pride beware:
„Her heart is all thine own! thou must forgive and spare,
„For is she not thy love, thy prized and beauteous one!”
They met — their love was deep — but pride the victory won.

And so they parted.... Thus, dies the pale altar-light
Beneath the minstrel-dome; first fades the trembling ray,
Then, flickering into life with radiance clear and bright
It sinks at last in gloom. Thus passed their love away,
First wept o'er yearningly, and then it seemed forgot,
As if it ne'er had been, and e'en remembered not!

But sometimes in the night when on their pillow'd heads
The moon her pale sweet beams in chastened radiance sheds,
They wake from a wild sleep with face bedewed with tears —
They dreamt.... I know not what.... a dream of love and fears....
And then the Past returns full of upbraiding grief
And even the cry of woe is vain to bring relief!

For in that solemn hour when all is hushed and still
The angel of Remorse enters their lonely hearts,
It speaks of love betrayed and of a stubborn will,
And of the parting pang whose sting no more departs.
And now that hope is vain, how can thy bear to live
Thus desolate and lone? Oh God! those two forgive!

C H I L D H O O D ' S J O Y S

Oh! let me dream of Childhood's joys and sunny memories
Returning gently on my soul as kindly melodies,
As music faintly sweeping by, as whisperings low and sweet,
Or glances from those loving eyes I never more shall meet.

Of my first home, my Childhood's home so loved and unforget,
Where softly as a stream of joy sped on my gladsome lot,
Where words and looks and thoughts of love shed on my path like dew,
Wove round my heart a thousand links, all sweet and kind and true!

My mother with her loving eye leading our simple plays,
Or teaching us each evening-hour our infant prayers to raise,
My father smiling, fond and glad at every task achieved,
And dreaming, such proud dreams of us — by time alas! deceived.

Our happy home so full of love of sunshine and of flowers,
With sisters' voices ringing sweet in gardenwalks and bowers,
With sisters' hearts to share our joys and help us bear our grief,
A mother's breast to hide our tears, her kiss to bring relief!

Oh! that this all be but a dream, a vision of the Past
 On which in mournful after-hours a saddened glance we cast,
 That never more that bliss be ours, undimmed by worldly cares,
 And ne'er again our weary hearts soothed by a mother's prayers!

And now the World's cold looks and tones have fallen on my heart,
 And one by one youth's visions fair grow dimmer and depart,
 And those on whom our yearning love its deep devotion shed,
 The bright, the sweet, the beautiful sleep with the silent Dead!

Away! to mansions in the sky where sorrow may not dwell,
 Where Earth's despairing voice of woe ne'er breathed the word „farewell!”
 Where flowers upon our bosoms nursed fade not at end of day,
 And all our loved ones, Heaven-restored, are no more called away!

S T A N Z A S.

In this same dwelling hast thou lived and moved,
 Thy beauteous foot has trod these garden-bowers,
 Through these dark boughs thy glances oft have roved
 On moon-lit eve or in bright summer-hours.

At that low window oft by sorrow crushed
Thy weary heart has stilled its pain with weeping,
And thy sweet form by no soft slumber hushed
Upon this couch its vigils has been keeping.

Now that thy smile hast left this joyless home
Know we not well our angel is departed?
And I — condemned still wildly here to roam
I sing of thee... I sing, though broken-hearted!

Oft-times I feel as if these walls could tell
Sweet things of thee, thy hidden life revealing,
The very woods which thou hast loved so well
Seem filled by thee with a mysterious feeling.

Could I but know the secret which they keep
Perchance this heart might lose its load of sorrow,
And these sad eyes fevered with want of sleep
Might close perhaps until a better morrow.

O but to know this one deep mystery
Which wears my heart and dims each glimpse of Heaven.
This only... if thou still rememberest me
And if thou dost... whether I be forgiven!

D E S P A I R.

THERE is a voice within my breast,
A yearning heart-sick tone,
Which would trouble even this long-sought rest
With its ever-haunting moan.
It wails o'er youth's glad life laid low,
Its harp-strings rudely shattered,
Thrilling yet with a cry of woe
Ere its last sounds be scattered.

Life's dream is past — the conflict o'er —
My heart must now be strong,
Thy coldness touches me no more
It cannot torture long;
The days are past when I could live
Thus near thee though forgot,
If God can pity and forgive
Live on.... and miss me not!

And thou! believe, remember not
That I have loved thee well,

"Tis better this should be forgot
 In the moment of farewell;
 I'll nerve my tearless eyes to scorn
 While gazing upon thee,
 But may be that before next morn
 Thou'l shed one tear for me!

The wind's sad notes come floating by
 And sigh 'midst the long damp reeds,
 They will murmur o'er me as I lie
 Where the river-wavelet speeds;
 A broken heart and a broken life,
 Oh! where should they rest in peace,
 But where Death hath ended the weary strife,
 And the wicked from troubling cease?

T H E B A B E ' S R E L E A S E.

HUSh....! within the room is reigning Death's dread influence cold and still,
 And the mother checks her weeping, bending o'er that form so chill;
 Cease ye all those tones of sorrow, trouble not his happy flight!
 Let God take my beauteous angel to the blessed shores of light!

Slower come the laboured breathings, colder grows the sculptured face,
 But the eyes are lifted Heavenward seeking there the promised place —
 Once more now his glance is wandering for a last and long farewell,
 Peace ye mourners! he's departing in a better world to dwell!

Mother, by thy baby kneeling, with thy heart so wildly torn,
 Canst thou realise the feeling that thy child for Heaven was born?
 Some more struggles and the victory for that little soul is won!
 The Good Shepherd's voice is calling: „Bring ye home that ransomed One!”

Angel-bands are hovering near him, angel-voices whisper peace;
 From his face the pain is passing, all his earthly sufferings cease.
 While the mother broken-hearted takes a last impassioned kiss
 Baby's soul is gently soaring to its new-found home of bliss!

Strike your harps, ye glorious angels! sing the song which none may sing,
 But the few in spotless raiments who are following Sion's king,
 Teach the happy little stranger how to join the hymn of praise,
 Which for ever new and thrilling everlastingly ye raise!

Mother! see thy lost one standing near the Saviour's radiant throne!
 See how Jesu's arms are opened to receive and bless His own!
 On his forehead now is written the new name of perfect Love,
 Which is theirs whom Earth defiled not, early called to live above!

Days have fled, and of my darling even the trace has passed away,
 And no longer on my bosom rests that little form of clay.....
 „Earth to earth” God's voice hath spoken, and my little white-leaved flower
 With his kindred's dust is sleeping till the Resurrection hour!

All around is dark and lonely, every where I miss my child,
 And too oft my grief is uttered in repinings wrong and wild!
 Thou who on my shrinking shoulders such a weight of woe hast laid,
 From this agony of yearning save me, Father! send me aid!

Still I would not, happy angel! call thee back to earth again,
 For the love wherewith I love thee triumphs o'er weak nature's pain!
 And while weeping lonely-hearted near thy empty cradle-bed,
 I have felt it sweetly hallowed by Heaven's radiance o'er it shed!

— — — — —
 E N C O U R A G E M E N T.

OH! soul so heavy laden, there is a blessed rest
 For all thy toil and sorrows upon thy Saviour's breast;
 Oh eyes so dim with weeping, there is a pitying hand
 That dries the tears of anguish wept in this stranger-land;
 There is a Home above thee, poor yearning child of God,
 Where thou ere long shalt enter, led by the chastening rod!

There is a host of angels watching thee on the way,
 And when thy strife is hardest, behold! for thee they pray!
 And know'st thou not, pale Mourner! amongst that Heavenly throng
 Some voices soft and holy, that join the glorious song?
 And near the blessed Saviour see'st thou not, throned in light,
 Those whom thy heart held dearest even when they fled from sight?

There is a love around thee that follows day and night,
 Thy God-appointed guardians, two angels sweet and bright;
 One with her long wings folded o'er the white robes divine;
 Oh! see thy childhood's Mother in deathless beauty shine!
 And near her, sweetly smiling, from sin and sorrow free
 A ransomed heir of Heaven, the child once born of thee!

Then cease thy wild repinings, and grasp thy staff anew
 To hasten on that journey whose aim is safe and true;
 Come with thy weight of anguish, thy weary pangs and cares,
 And lay them on that bosom which all our sufferings shares;
 Sure that our many trials which now may seem so sore,
 Shall move us once in Heaven to praise for evermore!

OH! IF THOU DIEST FIRST, MY LOVE!

OH! if thou diest first, my love
 I'll leave thee not alone,
 I'll sit and watch beside thy couch,
 And call thee still mine Own!

I'll kiss thy pale and marble cheek,
 Thy pure and noble brow,
 Thy hand on which the simplest ring
 Records the holiest vow.

And when they bear thee to the grave,
 I'll follow pale and chill;
 And when all leave thee, I will stay
 To keep my love-watch still.

And soon, right soon, my dearest love!
 I'll slumber on thy breast,
 And thou wilt have me by thy side
 Ev'n in thy last deep rest.

M Y F L O W E R S.

—
 In the gardens of my friends
 Many a flow'ret grows, —
 Some were born in summer-hours
 Some in winter-snows.

In the garden of my love
 One pale rose-bud grew;
 Such a lovely little flower
 Blooms for very few!

With the sunny smiles of May
Did that bud appear,
It seemed so wondrous white and pure
To be growing here!

Often for my bud I feared
(Watching night and morn)
That its whiteness might be soiled
Or its leaflets torn.

Every day it sweeter seemed
And I loved it more,
Though its little stalk grew frail
Frailer than before.

Till that fairest bud of love
Faded here away,
To re-bloom in deathless bowers,
Knowing no decay!

Oh! my pure white bud of May!
God has loved thee best!
And thy tender Mother's heart
Would not break thy rest!

Never shalt thou, sweetest child!
Unremembered be,
First-born blessing! gift of God
Kept in Heaven for me!

Weary mouths had passed away
 In my garden lone,
 When the Gardener's pitying eye
 Rested on His own!

He who took my loved One hence
 From my aching sight,
 Called another flower to life
 Sweet as new-born light!

Second little rose-bud mine!
 Lovely autumn-child!
 How my heart hath called on thee
 With its longings wild!

Of thy brother's little form
 Thou hast all the grace!
 But his look unearthly sweet
 Dwells not on thy face!

In thy sunny locks of gold,
 In thine eyes so blue,
 I have found thy brother back
 And love yon both, my two!

One sweet bud in Heaven with God,
 Safe at Home for e'er,
 One bright flower with love to train
 For God's glory here!

LINES WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

My God! how would it be, if I were all alone
To tread the dreary path where Thou art leading me,
If Thy consoling voice stilled not th' impatient moan,
If to Thy sheltering arms my soul could never flee —
If in my hours of pain Thou wert not ever near,
The drooping heart to soothe, the yearning prayer to hear!

But blessed is my lot, oh Saviour ever mine!
Since I have humbly learned to trust it to Thy hands,
Since Thou wilt teach my soul its life-dreams to resign,
And seek more lasting joys in Thy divine commands;
Since I, poor child of earth, am called to walk with Thee
Till Thou wilt take me Home for all eternity!

How sweet it is to know each morn as I awake
That Thy protecting love surrounds me with its care,
To feel that strength renewed which for my Saviour's sake
Makes every ill of life an easy load to bear,
For, though upon our ways a shadow may be cast
For those whom He has loved, such darkness cannot last!

How often, oh my God! I've heard Thy tender voice
 Calling upon thy child to come to Thee for rest;
 But in its hopes of Earth my heart would still rejoice,
 And yearnings deep and wild were struggling in my breast;
 The wish for human bliss, the cry for human love,
 In passionate appeals went forth to Thee above!

Poor heart! that sought on earth what earth could never give,
 And strove to fill its void with things that pass away,
 With blessings vainly sought, with joys that might not live,
 Born, as all else on earth, to wither and decay! —
 Oh! in its search for bliss th' immortal spirit pined,
 To weariness a prey — to suffering unresigned!

Thus Lord! I felt Thy love in daily blessings proved,
 But turned my heart from Thee and fixed it still below,
 Pouring its tenderness on those so deeply loved,
 Until that worship vain became the source of woe;
 For He at whose command we hold this fleeting breath
 Sent forth His Messenger.... and th' Angel's name was — Death!

He took them one by one — those who made life so dear,
 The mother whom I loved with yearning tenderness, —
 The babe, my only one, watched o'er with trembling fear,
 My idols, worshipped both with passionate excess. —
 Death came, and as His breath chilled those fair forms of clay
 It touched this stony heart and taught it how to pray!

My God! 't was then thy child rushed wildly to Thy breast,
 All bruised and sorrow-bowed she weeping came to Thee,
 And in that hour of woe she found the home of rest
 Bought by that Holy One who bore our misery;
 And since that day, dear Lord! this heart is all Thine own,
 Oh! mould it to Thy will, and reign there all alone!

And therefore is my life a happy song of praise,
 Though oft my faith be tried by sickness and by pain,
 For Thou art by my couch in long and trying days,
 And in my sleepless nights I seek Thee not in vain!
 Oh Jesus! Saviour mine! in life and death the same!
 All that within me is blessed Thy holy Name!

THE ANNIVERSARY.

GOD's mighty love be near thee
 Dearest! upon this day,
 For, though we've learnt to trust Him,
 Sad seems our darkened way!
 The memory of the blessing
 Given and reclaimed this year,
 Seems in this hour reviving
 With many a burning tear.

Last year I had a dream, love!
A dream of this glad day,
When proudly on thy bosom
Our baby-boy I'd lay!
I thought how new and tender
Would seem our marriage-tie
By that wee hand held closer,
Watched by that infant eye!

I never loved thee better
Than when I sought to trace,
Thy looks and inward being
In our sweet darling's face;
But now that we are mourning
O'er hopes all dead and chill,
That little grave between us
Unites us closer still!

Oh may that memory hallow
The weary pangs of life,
Strength'ning our prayerful struggles
To conquer in the strife.
And may the love that binds us,
And watches o'er his tomb,
Still sweeter and more holy
Our future path illumine!

V I S I O N S.

I'VE listened to thy songs, my bird!
Thy sweet tones all untaught,
Till many a memory softly stirred
Has wrapt my soul in thought;
And far away my musings fled
In dreamland bright and fair,
Where all are mine, the lost, the dead,
Restored and living there!

I seemed to lie in mossy shade
Fanned by a gentle air,
Bright sunbeams dancing in the glade
And kissing flowerrets fair,
While from green boughs half hid from sight
Glad anthems seemed to swell,
As wingèd voices taking flight
In worlds of love to dwell.

And then methought between the trees
I saw sweet faces gleam,

I knew them all, the lost ones these
Whose footsteps vanished seem;
But oft in retrospective hours
These visions float along,
Touching, not crushing earthly flowers,
A white and beauteous throng.

They too are singing notes divine,
Their tones the foliage thrill,
And seem to make this spot a shrine
For worship deep and still;
And o'er my listening heart has passed
God's whisper soft and sweet,
Oh! may I hear that to the last
A child at Jesu's feet!

And now, my bird! thy song has ceased
And now my dream is fled,
But I can feel my faith increased
By converse with the dead.
Oh may those witnesses unseen,
Stand between me and sin;
And knowing what their strife has been
May I like victory win!

M Y M O T H E R.

On Mother! 't is a weary time
Since last I gazed on thee;
Methinks I'd give a world of joy
Thy lovely face to see!
No smile was ever half so sweet,
So beautiful as thine,
No eyes so deep, so true, so soft,
So full of light divine!

No hand has ever wiped my tears
So softly as thine own,
No heart has loved me half so well,
Or half thy kindness shown;
I've mourned for thee these ten long years
Seeing thy face by night
In happy dreams all full of thee,
Thou gentlest One and bright!

But though I bear thee in my heart
With deepest tenderest love,

Still thou art all too far away
 In thy bright Home above;
 I would not call thee back on earth
 To share our struggling life,
 But oh! my soul doth pine for thee
 Amidst the daily strife!

Since thou hast left me, Mother dear!
 My heart has formed new ties,
 And love has beamed upon my path
 From radiant infant eyes;
 A manly arm sustains my steps,
 A true heart beats for me,
 And infant lips give me that name
 Which once I gave to thee!

But still within mine inmost soul
 Thy place was never filled,
 And 'midst the dearest joys of life
 My yearnings are not stilled!
 While in my arms a bright fair head
 Is softly lulled to rest,
 I mourn for those sweet days when I
 Was sheltered on thy breast!

And oft I muse upon thy love,
 Thine influence strong and pure,
 Which nerves me still, each day anew,
 To strive and to endure;

And while I bless that memory dear
 My holy safe-guard still,
 I humbly pray that for my child
 Such task I may fulfil!

Oh! may the God whom thou hast sought
 Be near me night and day,
 That I may lead my child to Him
 The Life, the Truth, the Way!
 And when the hour of parting comes
 When she will mourn for me,
 May then my memory, blessed as thine,
 As sweet and hallowed be!

L O S T L O V E.

FROM the garden-wall is swaying
 One small bough still green and thriving,
 While my heart on anguish preying
 Vainly with its pain is striving.

Hardly can I bear this sorrow,
 Yet I find that each to-morrow
 Brings me keener misery;
 And I moan, all sad and weary,
 Feeling that my life is dreary,
 Weeping that thou canst not hear me,
 Thou whose love is lost to me!

From the German

A PRAYER ON OLD YEAR'S EVE.

LORD! give me thus to follow Thee
 That once my works may follow me
 When I am laid to rest,
 Give me that wisdom from above,
 All peace, and gentleness and love,
 Wherewith Thine Own are blessed!

Give me to dwell within that light
 Which makes Thy children's path so bright,
 And leads them gladly on,
 Which beams forth sweetly from their eyes
 Reflected from th' Eternal skies,
 Whence all their joys are won.

Teach me to bear each human ill
With meek submissiveness of will,
Rejoicing evermore;
For flowers entwine each daily cross,
And that which seems on Earth a loss
Adds to our Heavenly store!

Thus guide me, Father! day by day
Upon thine own appointed way
Which leads me to my rest;
And teach my feeble lips Thy praise
Until a perfect song I raise,
Safe-sheltered on Thy breast!

OH! GOLDEN HAIR!

O H! sunny lock! oh! golden hair!
I've gazed on thee
Till my bright Past so dear and fair
Revives for me!
Till visions of a little head
Have filled my breast,
Of a sweet form, in mossy bed
Now laid to rest!

Till in my arms I seem to hold,
 With yearnings wild,
 And closely to my heart to fold
 My first-born child!
 Till thought renews those rapturous days
 Those days long flown,
 And mournfully my lone heart prays :
 „Come back mine Own!“

My Child! I cannot live without
 Thy bonnie sight,
 Thy baby-ways, thy baby-shout,
 Thy glance so bright!
 The bosom where thy head has lain
 Feels cold and chill!
 I miss thee, baby! come again
 This pain to still!

I've loved thee with a love so deep,
 My dearest Joy!
 But this poor love was born to weep,
 Sweet baby-boy!
 I called thee mine some summer-hours
 Fleeting as breath,
 Ere autumn withered Earth's fair flowers
 Mine slept in death!

Oh! welcome day, when we shall meet
 My babe and I!

The strife is hard, but life is fleet,
 And when I die
 I'll keep thee on this sinking heart
 Sweet lock so fair!
 And nought from thee shall bid me part,
 Oh! golden hair!

T O O L A T E!

(GRAZIELLA.)

I feel it, I am sinking fast,
 And soon the hour will come
 When God will bid my sufferings cease,
 And gently take me Home.
 Then thou wilt know what pain it is
 To miss a love like mine,
 And for its sweetest blessing flown
 Thy heart will vainly pine!

Oh then thou'llt seek the lonely couch
 On which with chiselled face,
 Unconscious of thy new-born love,
 I'll lie in Death's embrace.

And thou wilt weep to miss the glance
So fond and true of yore,
And from the pale and speechless lips
One word thou wilt implore!

Oh! could they speak they'd whisper still
Of all my love for thee,
Of all my fond devoted trust,
My blind idolatry;
Thy slumbering conscience will awake
With deep avenging pain,
And thou wilt call thy lost One back
In vain, alas! in vain!

Oh! thou wilt love me wildly then
As ne'er thou didst before,
Wishing with agonizing tears
That thou hadst loved me more!
But from the chill and silent tomb
The lost have ne'er returned,
And it will come too late, too late,
The love for which I yearned!

T H E D Y I N G C H I L D.

HUSHED on its Mother's bosom
The baby lies;
It knows nought of her anguish,
Her tears, her sighs;
Light and life are forsaking,
Its blue eyes breaking,
All faint and dim;
And while it smiles so sweetly,
Most sweetly
Death kisses him!

From the German.

A M O T H E R ' S P R A Y E R S.

TO ADA.

COME thou, my little One!
Ere thy short day be done,
Come thou to me;
Here in my quiet room,
Darkened by twilight gloom,
Bend thou the knee!

Tell thou each little sin,
All that is wrong within
Thy Saviour tell;
Early seek Jesu's face,
That He may give thee grace
To love Him well!

When on thy gladsome eyes
Slumber's soft shadow lies,
Veiling their rays —
Then by thy little bed,
Close to thy pillow'd head
Thy Mother prays!

May be when I am gone,
 And thou must meet alone,
 Life's tempest wild,
 That thou wilt love this room,
 Where, in the twilight gloom,
 I blessed my child!

And those deep prayers for thee,
 Pleading so fervently
 With God above,
 Will be thy safe-guard yet,
 E'en though thou couldst forget
 Thy Mother's love!

TO THE MEMORY
 OF A DEAR AND VALUED BROTHER-IN-LAW.

THREE'S one of our dear household-band
 One loving, true and kind,
 Whose soul has sought the deathless land,
 And left us sad behind.
 A guileless heart of solid gold,
 Endowed with noblest powers,
 Though formed in nature's gentlest mould
 And simple as the flowers.

A child in evil; One of those
Who have the gift of love,
Not as in this cold world it grows
But as it blooms above.
Love, brooding not o'er ill or slight,
Calm in its own pure trust,
Walking in Heaven's perfect light,
Unsoiled by earthly dust!

A man in all that's good and high,
With many a pure aspiring,
A poet's heart, an artist's eye
The Beautiful admiring!
A loving child at Jesu's feet,
'Midst trials richly blessed,
And on His bosom calm and sweet,
Even as a babe at rest!

And now that he has found his Home
What ails us that we weep?
In this sad world again to roam
Would we rouse him from his sleep?
Ah no! pure heart and noble mind!
Thy task on Earth is done!
We weep for her who's left behind,
Whose sorrows are begun!

We weep to watch her homeless heart,
By heavy grief oppressed,

Loth from its life-dreams yet to part
 And finding no where rest.
 Haunted by joys no more to be,
 Because to Earth they bound her,
 And yearning for that sympathy
 Which shed its light around her!

Oh Saviour! be thou all in all
 To her whose life is dreary,
 Unless at Thy dear Cross she fall,
 With heart all bruised and weary;
 Unless upon her widowed hand
 Thou press Thy marriage-ring,
 Thou Bridegroom from a better Land,
 Her Master and her King!

M Y D A R L I N G.

My beautiful! my darling!
 My sweetest joy on earth,
 Sent, 'midst our tears and sadness,
 As a bright ray of gladness
 To cheer our lonely hearth!
 How welcome was thy coming

Wished for as flowers and light,
As water in the desert,
Or as the stars at night.
Oh! rapture ne'er forgotten,
When, after hours of pain,
Mine infant's accents thrilled me
As joy returned again!
I clasped thee wildly, wildly
My babe! in close embrace;
But oh! what pangs came o'er me,
While gazing on thy face!

Was I haunted, oh! my darling!
By the memories of yore?
Or had a beauteous vision,
From its little grave arisen
To be mine Own once more?
That little form lamented,
So early called away,
Borne to its last lone dwelling
One warm bright summer-day;
Oh! was it now returning,
With its features small and fair,
With its blue eyes full of meaning,
Its threads of sunny hair?

How I loved thee, oh! my darling!
When I realized the joy,
That the little face before me

Would faithfully restore me
The image of my boy!
And more than form or feature
Have I found back in thee,
For thy little baby doings
Spoke all of him to me.
Thou art a gift of Heaven,
A flower upon his grave,
From hopeless human sorrow
Our aching hearts to save!

There's nought like thee, my darling!
In this wide world of ours,
Nought for my hopes to cling to,
Nought for my heart to sing to,
In its exulting hours!
No voice like thine to soothe me
With its sweet thrilling sound,
No eyes like thine to cheer me
And make all glad around.
Upon my couch of sickness,
I thank thee, oh mine Own!
For all thine artless fondness,
Thy love so early shown.

Were I to lose thee, darling!
How would my bosom swell,
With the anguish of its yearning,
For the blessing ne'er returning

Within our home to dwell,
 Life's hopes would all be blighted,
 And the music in the air,
 Would change its notes of gladness
 To wailings of despair!
 But oh! may He who gave me
 This clinging human heart,
 Spare me thy love's sweet sunshine
 Until from Earth I part!

MY LOVE IS YOUNG, MY LOVE IS FAIR!

MY love is young, my love is fair,
 Fair as the smiles of May!
 The rich curls of her auburn hair
 Around her sweet face play; —
 The light within her dear brown eyes,
 Those eyes so soft and kind,
 Is cloudless as th'unchanging skies
 And guileless as her mind!

My love is simple as a child,
 And merry as a bird,

Her song's glad music, sweet and wild,
 May all day long be heard!
 As sunshine bringing joy and mirth,
 So seems her presence bright,
 'Tis pleasant on this dim old Earth
 To see such fresh delight!

My love is true and white and pure
 As a snowflake in the air,
 I know not what I might endure
 If she were false as fair!
 But sooner would the lily bend
 Her proud stalk to the ground,
 Than wold my Beauty condescend
 To smile on all around.

My love is lovely as the rose,
 The wild rose all untrained,
 Which in its own bright beauty grows,
 By glance or touch unstained.
 Through summer-shine, through summer-shower,
 Unconscious of her worth,
 She blooms, my fair and chosen flower,
 Sweetest of all on earth!

My love is all that love can be,
 And oh! I'll prize her well!
 While she will bless my home for me,
 My cottage in the dell;

My heart is her's with fondest trust,
Bent 'neath her soft control,
Until my frame return to dust,
And God receive my soul!

S T A N Z A.

O_H wouldst thou bear me in thy heart
With everlasting love?
Then lock me in, and pray that God
May keep the key above!

From the German.

THE SONG OF LOVE.

As if he were a nightingale,
Love, sat in balmy bowers,
And poured his song o'er hill and vale,
A song of youth and flowers.

And as the music filled the air,
Sweet roses, night-arrayed,
Re-opened all their leaflets fair
With which the breezes played.

The brooklets ceased their babbling flow
In rapture at the sound,
The startled deer seemed loath to go
From that enchanted ground.

As lengthening shadows veiled the plain,
And all around lay hushed,
Those notes as soft as summer-rain
From Love's full bosom gushed.

While floating in the night along,
 The strain in beauty grew;
 Oh! since that hour my every song
 Re-echoes it anew!

From the German.

T H E W I F E.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.

To prove the worth of that true wife,
 So fondly loved in days of yore,
 Wait till thou tremblest for her life,
 With anguish never felt before!

To know how dear she still can be,
 How doubly dear in hours of pain,
 Watch thou her death-bed agony,
 With breaking heart and reeling brain!

To feel how oft with word unkind,
 Thy lips have wronged her gentle heart,
 Thou must be left alone behind,
 To love her thus — and thus to part!

TO THE BEREAVED.

O_H, ye bereaved Ones! sad and weary-hearted!
Earth's pale and sorrowing band,
Mourning for those whose footsteps have departed
Into the silent Land.

Ye heavy-laden, bending 'neath the anguish
Of Earth's humanity,
Whose suffering hearts in ceaseless cravings languish
To be released and free;

With fluttering wings against the boundaries beating
Of this frail tent of clay,
And vainly, though so fervently, entreating
To have your own blind way!

Oh, fellow-mourners! duty still is calling,
Ye have not done with life;
Let not the shadow o'er your Present falling,
Unnerve you for the strife.

Before the tree can yield its golden treasure
The snowy blossoms die :
And ere the heart can yield its fruit's full measure
Low must its idols lie !

And e'en the loved Ones first in Canaan landing,
Beckon us sweetly on ;
For to be once amongst them, radiant standing,
Our strife must be well done.

Nay ! never more faint-hearted and repining
Should we bewail our Dead ;
But let us rather, all vain grief resigning,
In their blest foot-prints tread.

Upward, still upward is our path-way wending,
Between the graves we love,
And battling still, while higher yet ascending,
Our souls aspire above !

THE WATER-LILY

THE queenly water-lily
Blooms where sweet streamlets flow,
Her leaves are fresh and dewy,
Her cup is white as snow.

The moon's soft rays are beaming
In the still mid-night hour,
With mellow light o'erstreaming
The pale and beauteous flower.

Upon the placid waters
A swan is borne along,
He gazes at the lily
And sings his last sweet song.

And sweetly, wondrous sweetly,
He sings, the while he floats,
Oh, lily! snow-white lily,
What say these quivering notes?

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

LITTLE cricket ! singing
In the evening gloom,
Life and comfort bringing,
To my darkened room ;
See, my fire is burning,
To awake thy mirth ;
But my heart is yearning
At my lonely hearth !

When I was no higher
Than my cradle-bed,
And around the fire
Thronged sweet forms now fled,
When the wild wind thrilled me,
Whispering mournfully,
Then thy song has stilled me,
On my Mother's knee !

Sixteen times returning,
Winter found thee here,

And the fire-light burning,
 Loving hearts to cheer.
 Now the hearth is lonely,
 Lonely evermore,
 And my shadow only
 Flits upon the floor!

Listening to thy singing,
 Sit I here in pain,
 While my heart is bringing
 Back its lost again,
 Till they all surround me,
 Beautiful and dear,
 With their arms around me
 And their love so near!

Nought remains of gladness
 In thine altered song,
 Dost thou bear my sadness
 In thy tones along?
 Has my soul's deep sorrow
 Found a voice in thee,
 Singing night and morrow
 Of its misery?

Oh! let others listen
 To the nightingale,
 Beauty's eye-lids glisten
 At her touching tale;

But thy voice is dearer,
 Dearer far to me,
 For the Past seems nearer,
 While I list to thee!

From the French.

— — — — —
 S P R I N G - Y E A R N I N G S.

O H! from this bed of languor
 'Twere passing sweet to rise,
 And, free from pain, to revel
 Beneath the sunny skies;
 To wander in the green lanes,
 Where happy children play,
 And where, upon the hedgerows,
 Sing the sweet birds of May.

On fragrant moss reposing,
 Or stretched on flowery grass,
 To watch the birds and insects
 As merrily they pass;
 To hear the young leaves rustling,
 Stirred by the Western breeze,
 Shaking the pearly blossoms,
 As snow-flakes from the trees.

To roam amid the pine-woods,
Where solemn silence dwells,
Where, with mysterious feelings,
The awe-struck bosom swells;
To breathe the Spring's sweet odours,
To bask in streams of light, —
But no! awake, fond dreamer!
Mocked by these visions bright.

By Summer-yearnings haunted,
I close my weary eyes,
And sweet as fairy dreamland.
Green spots before me rise.
Oh! hopes of Youth and gladness,
Borne on the summer-air,
Pass by the Sick One's dwelling,
Ye are too wondrous fair!

E V E N I N G P R A Y E R.

THE night is come, the day is spent
With all its gifts and treasures lent,
And humbly at its close we pray:
Oh! Father! wipe its sins away!
How sweetly do thy children feel
That Thou art with them whilst they kneel,
And that, in daily ill or pain,
Thy help is never sought in vain!

If 'midst the varying scenes of Earth,
Some days seem full of joy and mirth;
When life is bright and love is sweet,
And high our gladsome pulses beat;
When all our hopes and dreams are fair,
And sunshine fills the balmy air;
Then teach us, Lord! to watch and pray,
Lest pleasure lead our hearts astray!

But if Thou send'st us days of pain,
When dearest hopes have all proved vain,

When sweetest joys, for which we yearned,
Have in our hands to ashes turned,
When warmest hearts seem all estranged,
And those we loved are lost or changed,
Then, Father! at the close of day,
Soothe Thou our anguish whilst we pray!

And give us thus to live for Thee,
That, when at eve we bend the knee,
We each may say with truthful word :
,,I and my house will serve the Lord;
,,Amidst the smiles and tears of life,
,,Amidst the trouble and the strife,
,,Until with pure and holy love
,,We serve Him better still above!"

E R R A T A.

Page 5 line 8 instead of: *Isaiah*, read: *Isaiah*.

, 32 " 9 " " hope, " love.
" 33 " 6 " " creature worship, " creature-worship.
" 65 " 10 " " autumn-child, " autumn-child.
" 71 " 12 " " flowerrets, " flowerets.

YD052399

